

SPOUTING-CLUB:

A

MOCK HEROIC, COMICO, FARCICO,
TRAGICO, BURLESQUE

P O E M.

By the AUTHOR of
The ROBIN HOOD SOCIETY: A Satire.

"Conamur tenuēs grandia."

HOR.

"A Place there is, where such young *Quixotes* meet,
" 'Tis call'd the SPOUTING-CLUB. A glorious Treat!
" Where 'Prentic'd Kings alarm the gaping Street."

GARRICK.

L O N D O N:

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M.DCC.LVIII.

THE
SCOUTING-CLUB

W. E. HEROLD, COMIC, PARODIST
FRANCIS, BURLESQUE

P-O-E-M

William Wally

By the author of
The Scout Society, A Satire.

London:
Printed by R. W. ...
at the ...
in ...

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THE
SPOUTING-CLUB, &c.

NOW o'er the World in sable Vesture clad,
Night rolls her awful Clouds: Her
mifty Veil

Hangs black'ning 'fore the Eye, whose visual
Orb

In vain attempts to penetrate the Gloom
Condens'd, save where the Cotton 'mers'd in Oil
Within some glassy Concave yields its Flame
Twinkling; and save where in some servile
Hand

Behind a rattling Coach, the tædal Stick
Held waving, glimmers on the Face of Things.
Free from the Bus'ness of a bustling World,
This Interval indulging, to the Club
Of *Spouters* I repair, where mortal Forms
Borne high upon the Feathers of Conceit,

Rise into Air, whilst puffing Blasts of Wind
 Bursting from loosely-flying Fancy's Cave,
 Blow them to Regions where *Theatra* reigns.
 Here o'er the Summit of a Chair I loll ;
 My circumspective Eyes explore the Room
 Illuminated. In th' extremest Verge
 Objects alternate strike my wond'ring Sight,
 Features distinct and various, while upon
 The Tables oval, the resplendent Cups
 Their pure Contents and frothy Surface boast
 Invigorant : *Virginia's* wholesome Plant
 Lies in the Centre : With the Clay-form'd
 Tubes

Each Member graces his extended Hand,

Above the rest, with Lordly Looks erect,
 Deputed sits the Regent of the Night
 In Elbow Chair pre-eminent. His Arm
 The Silence-knocking Hammer wields. Be-
 fore
 His optic Balls are plac'd two shining Orbs,
 Betwixt whose Pewter Confines, interspers'd
 With glitt'ring Pieces of argental Coin,
 Lie

Lie, wide spread, Half-pence jingling at the
Touch.

There great he sits with Glee magnificent,
The strong Potation quaffing. On the Slate
The num'rous Pots he marks with Aspect
keen.

So, with superior Power invested, sits
A Constable elate in House rotund
Imbibing Porter solid. With an Air
Self-confident, he scrawls those Captives
Names

Who're taken by the Guardians of the Night,
And lets them not escape 'till Bribe is paid.

Now moves around with Circulation quick
The Tankard less'ning ; soon again receives
Its due Completion : Like the changing Tide,
It ebbs and flows alternate. Curling Spires
Ascending, paint the paper'd Canopy
Fuliginous : The Wafture dims the Sight,
And thro' the smoaky Veil the Candles burn
Azure. But lo ! — a *Roscian* stands erect !
Hight *Ezra* * ; on whose Care-denoting Brows

B 2

Beauty

* A diminutive *Hebrew* ; a great Spouter.

Beauty had form'd great *Hogarth's* spiral Line,
 And on his auburn Face profus'dly spread
 Her Rayless Wrinkles, and *Judæa's* Leer.

This little *Thespian* I long Time had mark'd,
 Saw Meditation hover o'er his Brow,
 And all his Faculties absorb'd in Thought.

He bends his Head addressive to the Board,
 And thus harangues ; " Why sit we here thus
 " mute,

" And frustrate all the Purpose of our Meet-
 " ing ?

" Already has the hoarse-lung'd Watchman
 " bawl'd

" Past Ten o'Clock." Thus saying, forth he
 stalks

With Steps theatric. Now, the Signal giv'n,
 All bend their Eyes on him. No longer now
 Pauses the Youth, but storms in wild *Macbeth*.

Lo, now apparent on his horrid Front,
 Sits grim Distortion. Ev'ry Feature's lost,
 Screw'd horrible, and ghastly. On the Stage
 Of Quack Itinerant, I thus have seen
 An *Andrew* wring the Muscles of his Face,

Deform-

Deforming Nature, and extort the Grin
And Wonder of the many-headed Crowd.

He spoke ; when streight a loud applauding
Noise

Ensues, the Clap of Hands and Thump of
Feet

Now mingling, Knuckles on the Table's Verge
With Fury beating, and the Thwack of Sticks
Joining, confirm the Thunder of Applause.

Tremble the Pewter Vessels, and within
The Fluid fluctuates : The surging Pipes
Roll from their Beds of Tin : The Wooden
Plain

Is strew'd on all Sides with the clatt'ring Ruin.

Thus when the noisy *Moxalinda's* crown'd
With Earthen Ware, against a Wall she reels
Sliding and stag'ring, down descends the
Load

Resounding on the Earth. The startled Eye
In wild Amaze the scattered Fragments views
Convolving thick. Affected with the Shock
The black'ning Kennel heaves its little Wave.

Lo now another of theatric Mould
 Rises in clouded Majesty, yclep'd
Rantwell *. Forth issue from his steaming
 Mouth,

No longer 'prison'd there, huge Alps of Smoke
 Riding upon the Bosom of the Air.

Him had his cruel in-auspicious Fate
 Destin'd to oil, to dress the flowing Curl,
 And with nice Hand to weave the yielding
 Hair;

But each revolving, rising, setting Sun,
 Beheld this Hero looking on his Trade
 With Eyes indignant. His exalted Soul
 Launch'd 'yond the Limits of his narrow
 Sphere.

Fraught with extended Notions of the Stage,
 His noble, daring Mind, the Drama's Laws
 Sole entertain'd, yet through the Texture
 strong

That bound his Intellects, Sense could not
 pierce,
 But floated on the Surface of his Brain.

THE

• One T-yl-r, a Spouter ; great amongst the greatest.

THE lofty Tonfor now assumes the Port
 Of Tyrant *Richard*, and with awkward Strut
 Affects majestic Air. So have I seen
 At jovial Country Fairs, and merry Wakes,
Roger begin the Dance, but wanting Skill,
 Betray himself unequal to the Task,
 Thy graceful Periods so oft admir'd,
 Divine inspired *Shakespear* ! on his Tongue,
 Imperfect die away. His labour'd Speech
 Sounds gutt'ral, like the hoarsely-croaking
 Race,
 Upon the Banks of some pellucid Stream.

SCARCE had he finish'd, when salutes his
 Ear,
 The mingled Noise, upon the dusty Floor
 Reverberated. Down the Shaver sits,
 Well-pleas'd ; and next up starts *Hibernia's*
 Son,
 Like some Enthusiast on a Tripod rais'd,
 To catch each Child of Folly. Now the Cork
 Intruded swift into the Candles Blaze,
 Is nigrified, and marks th'aspiring Youth
 With

With Whiskers bold. Ferocity now darts
 From either Eye her broad unmeaning Stare.
 In *Bajazet* he raves, and lowring, bids
 Defiance: 'yond just Nature's ample Pow'r
 He rants elaborate. His roaring Voice
 Calls Eccho forth respondent. On the Mart
 Of fishy *Billinggate* thus have I heard
 A harsh Lung cracking Noise, nor yet to this
 Dissimilar.—He ended; but the Tribe
 With-held the grasp'd at Banners of Applause!
 Then down he sat with Aspect stern and dull,
 But streight emerging from a Sea of Thought,
 He swallow'd hasty the salubrious Stream
 And re-inthron'd his abdicated Soul.

GREAT *Stentor* next his Meteor lays down
 Igniferous. Him had his Parents sent
 To *London*, (Seat of Bus'ness) there the Laws
 Of *Albion's* State to learn and exercise.
 For he, a well-experienc'd Youth was found
 Whose quick turn'd Eyes foresaw each Quibble
 quaint
 And Quirk evasive, and whose supple Heart,
 Like to the Twig that bends to every Blast,

Or

Or Virgin Wax, that yields to any Form,
Was flexible to Fraud, Within his Soul
Diffimulation dwelt, and dark Deceit.

There too Chicane, in honest Guise array'd,
Had sown its Seeds, and poison'd every Grain;
Which warm'd by potent Truth's congenial
Sun,

With Virtue's plenteous Harvest might have
teem'd.

But fruitless was this Spouter's Parent's Care,
'Though sedulous: For scarce two Years had
roll'd,

Since proud *Augusta* first had bless'd his Eyes,
E'er the warm Youth in these Expreffions
broke.

" Was it for this, that o'er the Claffic Sea

" I sail'd, and landed on Poetic Shores?

" Have I for this flown round th' *Aonian*
" Mount,

" With Plumes immortal, and so often play'd

" With spotless Muses in *Pierian* Meads?

" Am I, ye Gods! eternally to scribe

" Inglorious? — No: Some Power uplifts

" my Soul,

" Buoyant above the common Herd of Earth's

" Dull Reptiles. Hence ye wrong-adjudg'd

" Reports!

" Ye dry Collections, hence! — I leave ye all

" To those grave, solid-looking Fools, whose

" Ears

" Tautology best charms. Oh, *Shakespear*!

" come

" With all thy Pupils! Fire my glowing

" Breast,

" Expand my Genius, and enlarge my Soul!"

KINDLED that Instant at the raptur'd

Thought,

His Intellects, high tow'ring, flew to Realms

Dramatic: There, the Storehouse of his Brain

He fill'd redundant, *Here* he tries his Skill

Theatric, e'er upon the graceful Stage

With Steps adventurous he dares to tread.

Thus Children dabble in the shallow Stream,

Playful, 'till Fear forsakes their little Souls;

Then bold, they rush into the middle *Thames*.

In *Jaffier* now he breathes his ardent Love,

With

With Sighs of genuine Fondness. Now his
Breast

Heaves with the Weight of Jealousy and Rage
Perplexing ; all *Othello* wars within
His various-tortur'd Heart. Oh, how his
Voice

Rises and falls, as *Oysterella's* soft
And strong, when ev'ry Street and curving
Lane

Adjacent, eccho the testaceous Cry !
He spouted—and receiv'd his Share of Praise.

INFLATED with the Swellings of *Conceit*,
And newly flush'd with bold aspiring Hopes
Of Excellence, uprises *Leatheronzo* *

* This Person was formerly a low Actor at the *Theatre* in the *Haymarket*, and is not *un-notorious* ; but whether he has most *Ignorance* or *Impudence*, is quite so. As an Instance of both, take the following Anecdote. Some Time since, he published in his *Own Name*, "OBSERVATIONS on Mr. GARRICK'S ACTING." His *Ignorance* appeared, in not knowing that those very Observations, were written and published many Years ago, by Dr. S—re; and his *Impudence*, in setting his Name to a Work, he was conscious he was not the *Author* of. About a Week after the Publication, he applied to the Author of this Satire, to write a Pamphlet for him, which the very modest Gentleman was to publish in his own Name of Mr. JOSEPH P-T-T-D, COMEDIAN. A very modest Request truly!

Fam'd. In repairing worn-out *Calcumens*
 None was his Equal : No one better knew
 The pointed *Awl* to handle, yet his Soul,
 His noble Soul with Rage Dramatic glow'd.
 And like our *Roscius*, whose Theatric Wings,
 With rapid Flight, long since have wheel'd
 him through

The sounding Æther of eternal Fame,
 To Nature's Regions, thinks, too vainly thinks,
 Like him t'arrest Attention, to extort
 Th'involuntary Laugh, to bid the Smile
 Sit dimpling on the Cheek, the pearly Drop
 Sudden to start from out the humid Eye,
 Obedient to the Mandate, and to teach
 Our Souls to melt with sympathetic Woe ;
 Or to awake each *Briton's* just Revenge
 On *Gallic* Perfidy. In mad-struck *Lear*
 The Scene he opes ; but lo ! for Want of Crown,
 Paus'd his mock Majesty. Around the Place
 Long Time his Eyes terrific rowl'd. At length
 " In a dark Corner of the Room he 'spied"
 An empty Urinal. Fir'd at the Sight,
 He snatch'd the Pewter Prize, and to his Head
 Adapted it, well pleas'd. Now, now he raves
 With adamant Lungs ; his Head he moves
 Concus-

Concussive, when a Motion *inopine*
 His Action terminates. Upon the Floor
 Down falls the Jourdan. As it rolls along,
 Its Sound in jarring Music rings Applause.

Lo! now springs forward with elastic Step
 A Son of Comedy, *Soccado* call'd ;
 The Tunic dazzling with its golden Pride,
 The Button-Hole gay-wrought with wond'rous
 Art,
 The Mode-cut Collar, and well-fancy'd Sleeve,
 Had oft his Art proclaim'd ; yet not to this
 Was his great Soul confin'd. *Theatra* now
 (Dramatic Goddess !) whispers in his Ear,
 And bids him shine away in *Foppington*.

WHERE'S now that stately Flatness of the
 Gait !

That easy Stiffness, which as often seen
 In thee, O *Cibber* ! is as oft admir'd !
 Alas ! how faintly, rudely copied here !
 With Joints inflexible, and Neck oblique,
 An Object stiff'ning to the Sight, he stands
 In Attitude unmeaning, and the more

To

To render him ridiculous, he lisps,
And robs each Word of its emphatic Due.

He finish'd,—when the wonted Noise began
Loud as his all-attentive Ears could wish,
Nor less than that which shakes the circled
Seats

Of Play-house *Upper Gallery*, when some
Grand-habited and merry *Pantomime*,
So much delight the num'rous terrene Gods,
“ As make them rave and pifs for Extacy.”*

PROLOGUES and Epilogues now crown the
Sport,
By various Genii profusely spoke,
By stamm'ring *Welchmen* here, and *Scotchmen*
there.

To periodize the Humours of the Night,
Now far advanc'd, go round the jovial Song,
The Laugh-exciting Catch, or wanton Tale
Re-iterated. *Bacchus*, King of Joys!
Twines not his Vine-Branch here. TRUEMAN'S

INTIRE

Reigns

* A Line in *Dryden's Juvenal*.

Reigns arbitrary. With its Vapours bland,
 Their giddy, rolling Heads, anointed, turn
 Upon an Axis brittle. Total Noise
 Its Anarchy extends; but oh! how soon
 Terrestrial Joys evaporate! how swift
 Our happy Moments fly away! Amidst
 Their jocund Glee, and loosely-fleeting Hours,
Enter the CONSTABLES: Ten Watchmen brave
 Their Presence dignify. Amazement chill
 Sits on each spouting Face. So looks the Man
 Involv'd in Debt, when first he 'spies the Front,
 The Front most hated of a *Catchpole* grim.
 Not e'en *Macbeth* stands more appall'd with
 Fright,

When murder'd *Banquo's* horrid-glaring Ghost
 Disturbs the regal Banquet: Such, so great
 Their Fear unmanly, that their passive Souls
 To their hard Fate submit resistless. All,
 All walk desponding to the *Round-house dire*,
 And one sad *Exit* ends the Tragic Scene.

ALL hail, to thee, thou young dramatic Bard!
 Ingenious MURPHY, hail! Before thy Shrine
 I bend the Knee. This epidemic Rage

Well

Well hast thou ridicul'd *. Oh may thy Scenes
 On Fame's high-pending Annals be inroll'd
 And as thy Muse shall henceforth deign to grace
 Th' enlighten'd Stage, and with a steady Hand
 To hold up Nature's Mirror, may the Tribe
 Of *snarling Critics* with invidious Eye,
 View the bright Image and confess it just!

* In the *Apprentice*, a Farce written by Mr. *Murphy*.

She on each speaking Face, so looks the Man
 Involved in Debt, when first he spits the word,

The Frontispiece is a fine engraving
 of the same scene, and is more splendid with
 figures.

When numbers of people are present, it is
 difficult to get the regl. Bandages: such, to great
 their fear unmanly, that their passive Souls

Where may be had, (Price 1 s. 6 d.)

(Adorned with a Frontispiece, representing the
 Society in Debate)

The ROBIN HOOD SOCIETY: A Satire.

With Notes Variorum.

"These Monsters, Critics, with your Darts engage;

"Here point your Thunder, here exhaust your Rage."

POPE.